

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

5 cents a line first insertion; 2½ cents a line each subsequent insertion.
Cash in Advance. Minimum Charge, 20 cents.

WANTED.

WANTED—Landlady, Memorial Hospital, 307-11.
WANTED—A kitchen man, Scovell's Restaurant, 1-11.
WANTED—Raw furs, C. L. Howe, 159 Main St., 260-11.
WANTED—Chairs to cane, G. W. Hudson, 4 Spring St., 302-312.
WANTED—Women attendants, Marshal Sanitarium, Troy, N. Y., 304-315.
WANTED—Beef, hogs, calves, and live poultry, W. F. Richardson Co., 305-11.
WANTED—Two good 2-horse teams for logging, Holden & Martin Lumber Co., 147-11.
WANTED—Modern 5- or 6-room tenement with electric lights and bath, 60 Green St., 307-309.
WANTED—Competent girl for general housework, Best of wages, Mrs. L. E. Holden, 8 Park Place, 231-11.
STAMPS WANTED—I want to buy old stamps used before 1870. Address J. L. Sanford, Tilton, N. H., 303-308.
WANTED—Cylinder press feeder or boy to learn. Apply to foreman, Vermont Printing Co., Brattleboro, 299-11.
WANTED—At once at the Austine Institution two maids; one to assist cook, the other for dining room, 298-11.
WANTED—Man to sell trees, shrubs, roses, vines, bulbs. Pay weekly. Permanent, Brown Brothers Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., 306-311.
WANTED—Boy, or man 50 or 60 years old, to care for horse and do general work around the place, Dr. Bowen, Brattleboro, Vt., 307-310.
WANTED—A small apartment, or three or four unfurnished rooms, with heat, suitable for light housekeeping. Address Mrs. H. W. Hovey, 7 Terrace St., 303-11.
WANTED—Pupil nurses, Training School for Nurses, State Hospital for Mental Diseases, Howard, R. I. Address Elizabeth A. Barry, Superintendent of Nurses, 269-3-5-1-11.
WANTED—If junk in your attic don't draw interest like money in the bank, send me your used goods of any kind. Money talks, works and earns for you. G. W. Cushman, 61 Main St., 1-6.
WANTED—Pupil nurses and attendants at the Taunton State Hospital. Wages \$35 per month with maintenance. For particulars address, Dr. Arthur V. Goss, Supt., Taunton State Hospital, Taunton, Mass., 277-11.
WANTED—Raw furs. We are in a position to pay highest market price. Orders taken for all kinds of dressed furs made from fancy northern skins. R. E. Jones, Kinson's harness shop, 28 Flat St., Brattleboro, 303-11.
WANTED—Mother and daughter or two friends (Protestant), one to act as working housekeeper, the other to assist with care of two children; no washing or heavy work—good home. For further particulars address Mrs. H. K. Wead, 281 Otis St., West Newton, Mass., 302-11.

Wanted at Once

Five girls to work in our toy department. Steady work. Good pay.

C. E. Bradley Corporation

WANTED

Practically all kinds of hard and soft wood lumber for this winter's delivery.

Holden & Martin
Lumber Co.

WANTED

Female Operators

Agreeable work; excellent mill conditions; free medical and surgical service; good wages. Apply to

AMERICAN THREAD COMPANY
Holyoke, Mass.

WANTED

Quantity of two-inch Pine Lumber, round edge, and one-inch Oak, round or square edge. Also standing timber lots.

A. G. Loomis

108 Court St. Westfield, Mass.

WANTED

STITCHERS
at the
Hooker, Corser &
Mitchell Co.

PAPERHANGING

SIGN WRITING
WALL PAPER

WALTER F. SPEAR

16 Walnut Street Tel. 461-M

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Horse, weight about 1,100, cheap for quick sale. Write Farmer, Care Reformer Office, 1-5.
FOR SALE—Furniture and Ranges, new and second-hand, at J. B. Danton's.
FOR SALE—Young horse, weighs 1050 lbs. J. Annand, East Dummerston, Vt. Tel. 11-6, 299-310.
FOR SALE—1918 Ford touring car, also 12 horses, all weights. Fuller & Phillips, Putney, Vt., 304-309.
FOR SALE—Oliver No. 5 typewriter in A-No. 1 condition. Inquire at the Reformer Office, 247-11.
FOR SALE—One two-seated traverse sleigh and pole and shafts, also one single work harness. W. S. Pratt, 306-311.
FOR SALE—Ten or more tons of hay on the main road Wardsboro station to Jamaica, Vt., on the Blocher place. Inquire J. H. Underwood, Brattleboro, Vt., 304-11.
FOR SALE—At a bargain, a new Grimm's complete sugaring outfit, 4 x 11 evaporator, 500 buckets, spouts and covers, storage tank, gathering pails, etc. Chas. R. Brown, R. F. D. 5, Brattleboro, Vt., 303-308.
FOR SALE—Owing to the death of the president and principal owner, the business of the Malted Cereals Company, manufacturers of Malt Breakfast Food, is offered for sale. Full details will be given to anyone who may be interested. Malted Cereals Company, Burlington, Vt., 1-11.

TO RENT.

TO RENT—Five-room tenement on Birge St. Holden & Martin Lumber Co., 290-11.
TO RENT—Upstairs tenement of 9 rooms. All up-to-date, hot and cold water, bath, electric lights, etc. H. L. Nichols, 172 Western Ave., 238-11.
TO RENT—Two-room apartment, ground floor, all fitted for light housekeeping; hot and cold water, toilet, gas, all in same apartment. Tel. 615, 302-11.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

HAIR GOODS—E. P. Bailey, 208 Barber Bldg., 198-11.
TREE EXPERT, J. J. Lyons, P. O. Box 345, Brattleboro, 306-334.
MISS HAZEL R. BELL, Public Stenographer, at depot news stand, 304-11.
CHIROPODY—Elizabeth P. Bailey, 208 Barber Bldg., 9 to 12—2 to 5. Phone 606, 198-11.

BARGAINS IN MAGAZINES—Most favorable terms on single subscriptions or on reduced club rates. Send for booklet, BRATTLEBORO NEWS CO., 196-11.

DON'T LET anyone fool you. Sell your junk to the right dealer—get full price and the right scale. Telephone connection. M. Gissen, 104 Williams St., 51-11.

YOUNG MEN for railway mail clerks, \$110 a month. Experience unnecessary. For free particulars examinations, write R. Terry (former Government Examiner), 155 Continental Bldg., Washington, D. C., 303-309.

MAGAZINES AT LOWEST PRICES—Write me about what magazines you want for the coming year. I can get them for you at money saving prices. Mrs. G. M. Love, Magazine Specialist, South Newfare, Vt., 208-11.

SALESMEN AND COLLECTORS for our monthly payment accident and health policies. An excellent opportunity to engage in a profitable business in your own town or elsewhere, on a whole or part time basis. For full particulars apply to D. E. Bennett, Supt. of Agencies, 82 Church St., Burlington, Vt., 302-313.

LOST.

LOST OR MISLAIN—Small book in box about 4 x 7 inches in size. Leave at Reformer office, 306-308.

LOST—Thursday on Canal St., new tan kid glove. Finder please return to Reformer Office, 1-2.

WILL THE PERSON who picked up a pocketbook with the name of Harold Gale inside, please return same to 136 South Main street? 1-5.

LOST—Between Townsend station and R. D. Greenwood's farm, a large sum of money and valuable papers. Finder will receive a big reward if returned to me. Moses Ronx, Townsend, Vt., 303-307.

LOST--POCKETBOOK

containing sum of money, owner's name inside. Reward offered. Notify Reformer office.

Main Street Store to Rent

Good location, 22-foot front, 60 feet deep, basement, steam heat. Suitable for any business; possession in 30 days. Reasonable rent. For particulars address Store, care of The Reformer.

Thomas T. Brittan

Fire Accident

Insurance

Liability Life

Wilder Bldg. Brattleboro

ADVERTISE YOUR FOR SALES
IN THE DAILY REFORMER

HARDWARE MANN

Household Goods

and Furnishings are worth nearly double what you paid for yours—Get the fire before it gets you—A PYRENE Fire Extinguisher will help do it.

CHAS. F. MANN
38 Main St., Brattleboro

Better Cet The Auto Strop Habit

Being of a naturally reticent temperament I have said very little about the Electric Washer I am selling, but my customers are talking themselves hoarse of the good qualities of the

Crystal

Get my cash proposition.

E. M. Goodenough

Tel. 438-W Vinton Block

FIRE and LIFE

Insurance

Strong, Reliable Companies

Sanford A. Daniels

Crosby Block, Brattleboro

Design Work a Specialty

When in need of floral designs for funerals, wedding work, etc., just call on us; we can give you just what you want, from the smallest to the most elaborate. Nothing too difficult. Prices reasonable. Just try us and see for yourself.

C. N. BOND, Florist

Tel. 231-X

Dance at the Rink

in Centerville

Wednesday, March 3

G. L. Kaye Will Buy Your
DIAMONDS

For cash. Nothing too large or too small
No. 47 Clark St. Brattleboro, Vt.

FRANK A. SNOW

Violin Teacher

10 Putney Road Tel. 676-J

THE YOUNGEST EDITOR

Girl of 14 Edits and Prints a Newspaper with 150 Subscribers

The youngest girl editor in Kansas is Miss Alice Nichols, of Liberal age 14, who owns and publishes "The Nichols Journal." Two years ago she took up the question of a career and to her utmost self-satisfaction decided to enter the newspaper game.

Realizing that 12 was too small an age number to apply for a job on a city paper, Miss Nichols decided to make a paper of her own and employ herself as editor-in-chief. The first edition of "The Nichols Journal" was printed on a typewriter in the corner of her mother's library and distributed among relatives and close friends. The subscription price was 10 cents a year. Her mailing list grew so rapidly that she introduced carbon copies to eliminate so much copying. Finally, with a view toward efficiency a mimeograph was added to "The Journal" equipment, but the result was unsatisfactory, for Alice did not like to turn out an untidy sheet and the mimeograph did not print clearly on both sides of the paper. The young editor suffered with editors many years older than herself from the shortage of paper.

Upon the advice of business men Alice bought a case of type, which was installed in the office of the Liberal Democrat, and evenings after school she spent her time learning to set type by hand. Now she does her own typesetting entirely, gathers "copy" and runs the edition of 150 copies every Saturday morning on a job press.

The sheet has the appearance of an up to date paper as to makeup and press work. The subscription price has advanced to 25 cents a year and the want column brings 1 cent a line.

Not only is local news printed, but comment on topics of the day. The editor is a booster for the city, state and nation. She is independent as to politics yet, for, as she says, she must study conditions first.—Topeka Capital.

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in
Europe Follow the Great
World War?

MEN TURNING TO BOLSHEVISM

Something Profoundly Disquieting in
the Constant Repetition of Word
Which Seems to Convey Such
a Sinister Meaning.

Article XII

By FRANK COMERFORD.

I met a young American major just back from the French front. I had known him for many years. Before the United States entered the war he was one of the many impatient at our delay. He believed that it was our duty to join the fight when the ruthless submarine campaign torpedoed the Lusitania, sending to cold, wet graves American women and children. I distinctly remember his face as he read the headlines in the papers telling of the murderous slaughter of Americans on the high seas. Now when he greeted me he startled me with his first words, "The war is over. I'm a bolshevik." I did not know what the word meant, yet it carried to my mind an impression, and while the impression was hazy, it was clear at least in one particular. It sounded like the confession of a crime.

He had always been of a quiet, conservative type. Before the war one would have judged him to be a pacifist; he was even-tempered, mild of manner, and I still think that before August, 1914, he was a pacifist in head and heart. It was only the call of a just cause, the fight for an ideal in which he believed, that had made him a soldier. In this respect he was typical of 90 per cent of his countrymen.

I had spoken to him the day he enlisted, for he was one of those who volunteered, who might have waited for conscription and claimed a just exemption. He was in the beginning of his married life, with two very young children. By profession he was an engineer. Going to war meant leaving a wife and two babies, leaving a job that promised advancement. I recall his enthusiasm, the intensity of his patriotism, his quiet disregard of the danger to himself. I am sure that there was little hate in his morale. He saw a danger to the world. The honor of his country had been offended against. He was an American, one of those upon whom the duty fell so he went.

He a bolshevik! Why? I was confounded, confused. The only meaning I gave to his remark was that he was an anarchist. The word "bolshevik" sounded red to me. It flared of the torch, photographed disorder, lawlessness—registered blood, violence, assassination, force, hate, insanity. I wondered how this nine-lettered word had become the vehicle for so many sensations that disturbed peace of mind and sounded alarm.

Where had the word come from and what company had it kept that so fouled its soul? What did it really mean—had it a definite meaning? Was it a bug like the "flu" germ? Had it come among nations to destroy them and to the hearts of men to silence the heavenly message, "Peace, on earth good will to men." Would it run around the world as a scourge? Was it a postscript to the bloody war lesson, prophesying more anguish and tears than four years' fighting had brought? Would the world, coming out of the war bent, now be broken?

Or was it a meaningless myth? Was the word a bogie, a bad joke, a night mare pressing heavily on a tired, nervous world's head?

Seeking Word's Real Meaning.

Or was the meaning that men had read into the word a lie? Was bolshevism the message of a new Messiah being cried down by the money-changers of our time in the same way their ancestors had silenced the word from the Mount and destroyed the Message Bearer with the lash and the cross?

In every mind was the thought and from every tongue fell the word. Russia had given the world a word. It had encircled the globe. Everywhere people were speaking the word—it found lodgment in every brain, a living place in every language. Its use and become universal. The old, the young, rich and poor, the learned, the uneducated, the serious, the simple the tender, the artist, the poet, and the soldier, the thinker and the thinker held the thought and spoke the word. Men, women and children spoke the word, read the word, and felt the thought it carried.

To the blue hundred and ninety-nine it was a word of ill-omen, a word of error and fear. To the one in a thousand it was a word of hope, a light for the feet of a stumbling world, and the nine hundred and ninety-nine said that some of these people called bolsheviks were dreamers of a strange dream, that twisted idealism had made them mad, that the majority of those who profess faith in bolshevism were sick with a strange, social fever, that they were mischief-makers, ne'er-do-wells, criminals, that they sought to burn the world.

I made up my mind that I would learn the real meaning of the word. The dictionary definition threw no light on its meaning. I came to the

conclusion that to learn what bolshevism is I might with wisdom adopt the scientific method used by the doctor of medicine in arriving at a diagnosis. The doctor examines and gathers the symptoms, the meaning of the disease. He then determines what diseases might produce these symptoms. By a process of elimination he discards one possibility after another until at last there is but one disease left, one thing that the symptoms can mean.

I discovered at the outset that most of us have the habit of using terms loosely. Seldom do we give time or thought to the exact, real meaning of things. The meaning of bolshevism is too important to the world not to try to understand it. There is a difference between having the acquaintance of a word and knowing; the former is a mere introduction, the latter an intimacy.

Since the war, when the fastidious diner wearily orders his consomme and the waiter brings it a bit tardily or cold, he thinks to himself, or if courageous enough to speak his mind, he calls the cook a bolshevik. He has found a word to express his irritation. It serves his profane feelings and at the same time saves his smug respectability.

See Bolshevism Everywhere.

Once the maid asking for an afternoon off provoked a knowing smile. Her mistress granted the request, charged it up to a possible romance and generally suspected the policeman on the beat. Since the war it is different. The maid is looked upon with suspicion. Her motives are questioned. The request is considered a symptom of the new terrible disease, bolshevism. The mistress thinks to herself: The maid doesn't want to work any more; she is down with the epidemic.

The office boy, working the reliable excuse that his grandmother has died again, to get an afternoon off to go to the ball game, is trying to shirk work, in the opinion of his employer, who formerly, when such an application was made from the same source, chuckled as he granted it, while his memory took him back to his own boyhood days when he used the grandmother yarn to answer the call of the ball field.

Many captains of industry see the symptoms of the new dread in every movement and thought of the workers. The demand for living conditions and decent wages are grudgingly received by minds soured with the thought that it is bolshevism.

The hirers of child labor, looking hatefully at legislation designed to end child slavery, call the leaders of child life conservation bolsheviks. When doctors and public-spirited men and women insist that an irreparable injury is being done the nation in allowing women to work for a period in excess of the hours they are able to work without menacing their motherhood, the profiteers from woman labor cry out: "You are invading the right of private contract; you are mad with bolshevism."

Every Sort of Definition.

The wag with the wit of a barber defined bolshevism as a wild idea surrounded by whiskers. The saloon-keeper, bowled over by prohibition, screams "bolshevism." The anti-saloon leaders come back with the answer, "Your 'personal liberty' cry is only a camouflage for bolshevism."

If anyone disagrees with you, don't grant him the right to an opinion, don't reason with him—just call him a bolshevik. The word has become an epithet, a popular invective, a slur, an insult, an outlet for contempt, contumely and hate. Its parenthesis influences our definition of it. Most of us see the Russians with the eyes of the caricaturists, who for so many years have portrayed the Russian as the moujik with high boots, disheveled hair, wild whiskers, the face of an assassin, the body of a terrorist in action, the suggestion of a long dagger smeared with hot blood, under his greatcoat.

If a doctor, making an examination of all of the patients in a hospital, discovered they all had certain symptoms in common, such as temperature, weakness and pain, and because of these findings should diagnose the sickness of all of the patients as pneumonia, the doctor would be regarded a lunatic, yet there are men in the world today who are as foolish as such a doctor would be. They call every symptom of unrest, without regard to its history, bolshevism.

Roumania's Oil Wells.

Many of the Roumanian oil wells are not in working order, which is chiefly due to the military measures taken by the allies at the time of the German advance in Roumania. Although Gen. Falkenhayn's experts devoted particular attention to the reconstruction of the dismantled wells, their work was crowned with limited success, and it will take a long period of systematic work to raise the Roumanian oil fields again to their pre-war importance. The Roumanian government is reported to have lately concluded a convention with the Austrian government whereby they are to supply the Austrians with petroleum and other material of primary necessity in exchange for industrial products.

Have Evidence Against Germans.

Evidence of German crimes is furnished by M. Delannoy, librarian of Louvain; Henri Davignon, secretary of the Belgian commission of inquiry; Paul Lambotte, director of the art galleries of Belgium, and M. Lamy, secretary of the French academy. The latter, it was said, has made a most telling indictment of those who were responsible for acts of savagery.

It Pays to Advertise in The Reformer.



San-Tox VELVET LOTION

No woman who takes pride in keeping her complexion clear, the skin fresh, smooth and soft, can afford to be without this delightful toilet accessory. Truly it makes the skin like velvet. This creamy liquid lotion rubs completely and perfectly into the pores of the skin. Not a trace of stickiness or grease accompanies its use.

SAN-TOX Velvet Lotion is the ideal application for chapped or rough hands, face and lips, tan, sunburn, frost-bites and the like. Just try it once and experience its delightfully soothing and cooling effect. It comes in handy every day for every member of the family.

Your money back if you don't say it's the most satisfactory skin lotion you have ever used.

Brattleboro Drug Company

The Prescription Store

Take No Chances with Your Estate

Having worked hard and denied yourself to save money, do not leave the care of it after you are gone to chance.

Make this bank your executor and insure the best of administration and care.



VERMONT NATIONAL BANK

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT
SAFETY STRENGTH SERVICE

Your Valuable Documents

should not be left in your Office or Home, when at a trifling cost they can be placed in absolute safety in our Safe Deposit Vaults.

We would appreciate an opportunity to show you our facilities for caring for your securities.

Peoples National Bank

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TAX FREE

All deposits in the Brattleboro Trust Co., in the Savings or Checking Department, are free from Tax.

BRATTLEBORO TRUST CO. BRATTLEBORO - VERMONT